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CENTRE

ROMAS
1908



VISION

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"It is no small matter to make a useful thing beautiful, yet if I am not mistaken this is the highest aim of art."—*Grover*.

Artistic House Decoration

When arranging in our homes those articles of furniture and decoration which we have purchased or to which we have fallen heir, we should strive after simplicity and harmony.

Care should be taken that the colors in each room are pleasing in their relation, and never violent. Simplicity is the end most to be striven after, and it can be arrived at rather by the effective arrangement of a few large ornaments than by the use of a multitude of small ones. This simplicity of treatment will preclude the museum-like aspect which prevails in so many of our living and drawing rooms, where all those things which cannot be crowded onto the walls, cabinets, or piano overflow on the floor.

When shopping one often chances on a picture, vase, or ornament which appears quite charming in its store surroundings, and which one immediately thinks will be just the right article to add to the home decorations. When the article arrives, however, it is taken from room to room, tried in this place and that, but fails to appear to advantage in any of the available places. Perhaps the color is out of harmony. When put in one place, it is too large, or in another too small, and the disappointed purchaser either returns it to the shop or relegates it to the garret. To avoid this mistake, one is forced to take into consideration the surroundings in which the object is destined to be put. The color of the walls, the size of the room, and the style of the other furnishings are all to be carefully considered.

In working out the color scheme of a room, it is advisable to take the colors of a rug or the furniture covering as a foundation to work from. Study carefully this keynote of color, and as you add your wall coverings, hangings, pillows, and smaller ornaments, have them repeat the color notes of your rug or coverings.

To have a dominant color used in furnishing a room adds individuality and gives dignity. That is, whatever small notes of contrasting color may be used, the general effect should be of one color.

The wall covering plays a most important part in house decoration, yet it is often purchased without considering whether it will form the best background for the furnishings which are to be used in decorating the room. A paper with an unobtrusive design and rather

“What you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite.”
—*Carlyle*.

neutral in color should be selected for a room where pictures are to be hung. Two-tone papers, in which the design is superimposed on the background in a darker or lighter value of the same color, make a desirable picture background. Where high wainscoting is employed, especially in halls and libraries, bold, vigorous designs in papers may be used with good effect, but of course without pictures, the design in itself being sufficient enrichment.

The hangings of a room should be in harmony with the woodwork in conjunction with which they are used, and should hang vertically without any break, just clearing the floor. Hangings which by virtue of their fantastic drapings distort the architectural lines of an opening are bad, not only from an artistic standpoint, but from a sanitary one, for their many folds harbor dust and make housecleaning doubly hard.

In the minds of a great many, a heavy, much-begilded frame seems a necessary adjunct to a picture. The fallacy of this idea will be readily seen if one only stops to analyze picture framing. Frames are really only necessary mouldings which are employed merely to hold the glass or canvas, and to give a definite limit to the picture. In case the wall paper over which a picture is to be hung has a prominent design in which the picture would lose its identity, a mat of a light, neutral color may be employed to set off the enclosed picture, separating it from the wall, otherwise a mat is unnecessary.

Frames should repeat the darkest value of the enclosed picture, and gold frames are most appropriate for paintings in which color occurs. Frames to be most effective should be as narrow as possible, yet in scale with the picture. Pictures should be hung as flat as possible against the wall, and the means of support be made as unobtrusive as possible. Piano wire, which is almost invisible, is the best medium for this purpose. If the hooks used match the moulding in color, a necessary evil becomes less conspicuous.

A very important thought to have in mind when purchasing furniture is the scale of one's rooms. Many of us, when in doubt, purchase the so-called mission furniture, and feel that we have decided on the safe side. In nine houses out of ten, mission furniture is entirely out of scale, appearing ponderous unless the room is much larger than is usually found in our American homes. The gilt chair is equally inappropriate, as it sets too ornate a standard.

“It is always something to know you’ve done the most you could.”

Sofa pillows should be conventional in design, as most of us have scruples about thrusting our elbows into the faces of charming young ladies, who meanwhile vainly endeavor to look pleasant under the trying circumstances.

In the selection of vase forms, refinement of line should be the first consideration, and the decoration should be subservient to the form. The use of purely naturalistic forms, so much in vogue with china painters, as decorations are entirely incorrect. Purely naturalistic forms are pictures, and as such they should be hung on the walls, as they do not come within the realm of decorative design.

Utility should be borne in mind when selecting articles for household use. Handles of pitchers, teapots, and cups should be large enough to allow of a firm hold on them, and they should also be free from uncomfortable projections.

In closing, I want to impress upon your minds the fact that excellence of design and refinement of line and color are not of necessity found in expensive articles. In reality articles quite low in price are often of a high artistic value, and are much more desirable than more expensive ones.

Philip T. O’Keefe, ’08.

A Tale

The victor has been weeks over these same trees that have baffled him; he has painted them on gray days and sunny days; in the morning, at noon, and in the gloaming. He loved their texture and the thousand little lights and darks; the sparkle of the black, green, or gray moss, and the delicate tones that played up and down their stalwart trunks. He toiled in the heat of the day, his nerves on edge, and sometimes great drops of sweat on his troubled forehead. Now and then he would spring from his seat for a farther-away look at his sketch. With a sigh and a heart bowed down (oh, how desolate are these hours!), he noted how wooden, and commonplace, and mean, and despicable it all was—this insult he has cast upon the beautiful yellow birch, this outdoor, motionless old model that has stood so patiently before him, that has posed all day without moving; its big arms above its head; its leaves and branches stock-still to make it all the easier for him.

Suddenly in all this depression an inspiration enters his dull brain—he will use burnt umber instead of Vandyke brown for the bark! or light

"It is better to put pictures into our hearts than into our houses."
—*L. H. Bailey.*

chrome and indigo instead of yellow ochre and black for the greens!

Presto! Ah, that's like it! Another pat, and another, and still one more!

How quickly now the canvas loses its pasty mediocrity. How soon the paint and the brush-marks and the niggly little touches fade away, and the thing itself comes out and says: "How do you do?" and that it is so glad to see him, and that it has been lurking behind these colors all day, trying to make his acquaintance, and he would have none of it. What good friends he and the sketch have become now; how proud he is of it, and of possessing it, and of creating it! Then little quivery-quavers go creeping up and down his spine and away out to his fingertips; and he knows he has something really good.

He carries it home under his arm, oh, so carefully (he strapped its predecessor on his back yesterday without caring), and a dozen times he stops to look at its dear face, propping it against a stump for a better light, just to see if he had not been mistaken, after all. He can hardly wait until it is dark enough to turn on the light and see how it looks by gas-light, or candle-light, or kerosene, or whatever else he may have in his quarters. Years after, the dear old thing is still hanging on his studio wall. He has never sold it nor given it away. He could not—it was too valuable, too constantly giving him good advice and showing him what the thing was. Not what he thought it was, or hoped it was, nor would like it to be, but what it was.

To-morrow

Yesterday is the graveyard of vanished dreams,

Of strivings we had, and of tears that we shed,
Of heart-burning sorrows, of joy's fitful gleams.

Ah, (but) yesterday claims them—and yesterday's dead.

To-day, then, is given to us for our own,

To waste or improve—time we may not borrow;
Opportunity's here, if we miss we can never atone,

But the scoffer there is, and he whispers, "To-morrow."

To-morrow? 'Tis a phantom—a dream that we prize;

Satan smiles, for he knows that we dream but to sorrow,
And ages long dead, and all nature that died

Sternly murmurs: "Poor fool, there shall be no to-morrow."

Morley D. Cameron, '10.

"It is not alone by activity, but by endurance, that character is formed."

The Sophomore Costume Party

From 7.30 until after 8 o'clock on Thursday evening, December 3, the broad marble stairway of Court Hall was thronged with joyously-expectant people, who rushed into the dressing rooms in order to burst forth soon in a surprising disguise.

Soon after 8 o'clock the grand march began, led by a tall, sinuous Indian maid and a dashing Matador; they were followed by a coquettish French court lady and a tall, lazy-appearing Mexican; behind, a demure Danish maid, with a sturdily-built Roman, and then followed the gentle Quakeress, with the rollicking clown; the regimental girl, with the cowboy; the tinkling figure of Folly, with the foreign ambassador; the blue-eyed Gretchen, with her round-faced Hans; the dashing girl, who was really a member of the sterner sex, with her, or rather his, partner, until one's eyes were dazzled and the heart filled with pleasure at the mere sight of the happy throng. After the march and salutation to the matrons, Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Downes, and Mrs. Chandler, the regular order of dancing began. There were moonlight dances, a favor waltz, and a streamer dance, and later in the evening Mr. Brennan greatly pleased the company by rendering an impromptu song. At 12, while the jolly music of Holden's Orchestra softened into "Home, Sweet Home," the merry crowd left the hall with a ringing echo of: "I've had such an enjoyable time!"

It surely was a success, both socially and financially, and the committee felt repaid by the gracious tribute from those members of the faculty present, and the expressive thanks of the guests.

Auction Sale

It is hoped that the students will make a great success of the auction sale of sketches and drawings to be held in this school shortly after the Christmas vacation. Every one is requested to make one or more sketches and hand same to Mr. Hibbard (Portrait studio) or Mr. Pomeroy (Major's studio). Anything acceptable in the line of cartoons, posters, landscapes, etc.

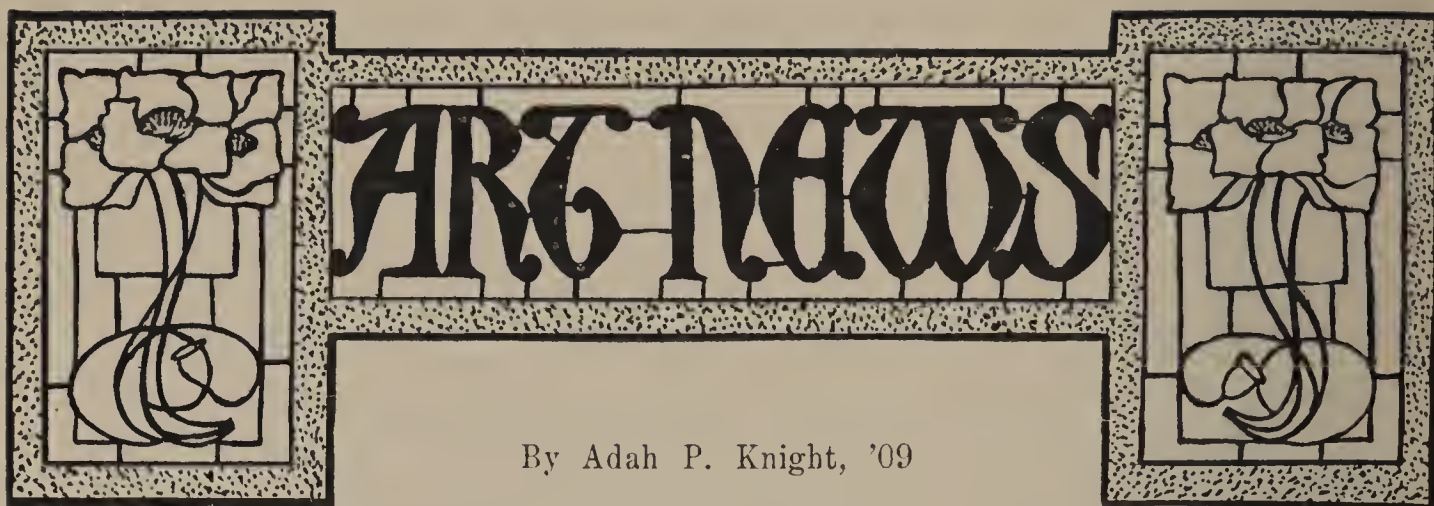


A Merry Christmas to you all!

Among the numerous holidays that claim observance, there are two that stand pre-eminently above all others in the estimation of the American people, because they appeal to the best that is in us, and enable us to give expression to the highest attributes of humanity; the one is the birthday of our country, when patriotism runs riot, the other the birthday of Christ, when peace and good will are the themes of thought, and love falls upon us like a benediction from above. Once more are we about to welcome the latter, and once again we renew the feeling of love and kindness toward our fellows, and open our hearts, our purses, and our homes to gladden those about us. And let it be in all honesty and sincerity, with no after counting of the cost, as so often happens, for we should remember the virtue of well-doing lies in self-sacrifice, and not in doing the good that costs us no self-denial.

It is the Athletic Association's earnest request that the students will make a great success of the auction sale of sketches and drawings, to be held in the school shortly after Christmas. Having had a very successful baseball season last year, the Athletic Association have taken this means of support for their next year's team. Let us see your work, and at the same time help the association.

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By Adah P. Knight, '09

Christmas! What does it mean to you? Ever so many things, I am sure. It is the birthday feast of the King, which we celebrate with hymn and carol, with gifts and merry-making. This is our heritage from the many nations which make America, for each has given to us a different way of observing the festival.

"Oh, come ye and adore Him
 Who unto us is born to-day,
 And all thankful-hearted
 To Jesus we'll pray.
 Blessed Saviour, we adore Thee,
 Holy Infant, we implore Thee,
 Let our hearts from sin be free,
 And grant us Thy peace."

Thus do the Italians sing, those descendants of the Roman church, with all its wealth of legend and art. This same spirit is in their pictures, too.

The Germans, lovers of home and domestic comfort, have taught us to make merry for the children's sake; theirs is the Christmas tree, the stocking, with its cakes and candy, and all the customs so dear to our American children. This is one of their carols:—

"Thousand tiny candles sparkling
 On the green-bough'd Christmas tree,
 Gaily hang the bright gifts on it,
 Every bough full laden see.
 High above in soft light gleaming,
 Silver wings of angels shine,
 Unto us a message bringing
 Of the joy that is divine."

The paintings, too, show us a difference, for the Germans love to paint the Lord Jesus in his human aspect, with the humble surroundings, the young mother and wondering shepherds, while the Italian school

“Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands think for one who can see.”—*Ruskin*.

has given us enthroned Madonnas, the little baby invested with awe and majesty, encircled by the adoring cherubim. A study and comparison of the classic schools will prove most interesting in this respect. For beauty of composition, look up “The Nativity,” by Tiepolo, in the fine arts department of the Library. Von Uhde and Firlé represent the realistic tendency of the modern German school.

The supervisor of drawing finds it very necessary to consider the point of view of the different nationalities. His work takes him into parts of the city where the population is foreign, and the Christmas work must be adapted to the needs of the different nationalities. The idea of a gift season is found to be most widely useful, and so constructive work comes in the Christmas season.

Don't forget the students' exhibition! It will come this winter, as it has other winters, but now that we have thought of it, we will be prepared. What shall you send to the judges, a landscape sketch or a portrait in oil, a design, pencil sketch, or piece of metal work? The Normal Art School, since it has some of the best teachers in the city, certainly should have as good a showing as any school in the city.

One of our alumni is exhibiting now at the Twentieth Century Club, 3 Joy street. Harold C. Dunbar, '04, shows fifty canvases, large and small, which he has done during the last year. Two of them are snow scenes, the others spring, summer, and autumn landscapes. His studio is in Arlington, and the pictures are of Belmont, Arlington, and Mystic, Conn. In his “Notes,” his pictures are named and described. About “The Late Glow” he says: “An early sunset in October, when the moon begins to brighten and the air is clear and cold.” Philip Hale says of him that “this young painter has made distinct progress, and that is a great deal for any man to do.”

If you wish to understand the ways and means of plaster-casting, look it up in the December Studio.

The offer of Edwin A. Abbey to the state of Pennsylvania of ten panels for the chamber of the House of Representatives has been accepted by Governor Stuart. The value of the works will be close to \$30,000, based on the decorations Mr. Abbey is to execute. The gift was inspired by Mr. Abbey's desire that his allegory of Pennsylvania might be complete, his scheme having been enlarged since he made his

"To fail is not so much disgrace as to aim low."

contract to decorate the capitol. In order not to break the effect, he offered to present the additional panels.

F. Tolles Chamberlain has won the Lazarus prize awarded by the schools of the National Academy of Design, and as a result will spend the next three years in study abroad, with an allowance of \$1,000 a year.

Mr. Chamberlain, who has studied in the free schools of the academy, lives in New Rochelle. He was born in 1873, and is a native of San Francisco. He was under the instruction of D. W. Tryon, Carroll Beckwith, George de Forest Brush, and Frederic A. Bridgeman.

This prize is for mural painting, and was founded by Jacob H. Lazarus, a wealthy patron of the arts. Those who competed for the prize had as their general theme the depicting of a traveler relating his experiences on his return from foreign lands. Of the numerous sketches submitted, five were chosen, and three weeks were allowed to the painters to complete the canvases. They were not restricted to the surroundings or the period.

Mr. Chamberlain's composition suggests Christopher Columbus relating the story of his discovery.

The City Club exhibits a number of highly interesting drawings by Codman and Despradelle, designed to show the direction of the retail districts of the city westward by Boylston street. There are also certain carefully thought-out plans suggesting an architectural treatment of Copley square as a business centre.

There is a plan of the district on a small scale, showing Boylston street and Huntington avenue as thoroughfares; also the relation of Copley square to the Back Bay station. Besides this is indicated the huge area now occupied by the Providence depot and the Albany yards, with a suggestion that this area may in some future time be built over.

The large drawings represent Copley square and, in particular, a projected building for the spot now occupied by the Museum of Fine Arts. The plans show two possible ways of treating this area. One suggests a large department store surrounded by an arcade, while the other, more diverse, represents a group of small stores, arcades, theatres, restaurants, etc., surrounded by a hotel and business offices. Certainly it strikes one as one of the most original schemes one has seen. In both cases the idea seems to be to form the centre of a retail district.

After all, the plan seems logical enough. It's evidence that retail trade is going up Boylston street. Even the simple-minded artist can

"The process of life is esthetic, is an operation for deepening the reality of the world by increasing its excellence and beauty."

see that. Boylston street has long been—as one has said in a joking way—the Avenue de l'Opera of America. And these plans serve to precipitate a solution that had long been floating in one's mind.

It is characteristic of the City Club to interest itself in plans which tend toward the beautifying and improvement of Boston.

The plans themselves show very deep and careful study, and are marvels of skilful and intelligent placement. The elevations, on the other hand, are indicated with a certain brilliancy, one of them being rendered very skilfully, for the most part in pastels. To an artist, perhaps the more "amusing" of the two plans is the one where the space now occupied by the museum is considered as a possible shopping centre.

There are large stores in front, with covered arcades such as one sees abroad. In the back part is provision for a hotel, with a theatre. It seems too good to be true that so varied and agreeable a programme should be realized, and yet it would make good old Copley square a much gayer place if it could be accomplished.

After all, we are for the most part a business people—there is no escaping that. Why not have a sort of temple to trade, since that, willy nilly, is our fetish? Why not let our architecture express the dominant character of our people and time? We have in the same square a huge building expressing the ideals of the Romanesque; another which agreeably summarizes some of the pleasant things of the Renaissance: still another strange inchoate, cyclopean building which expresses I don't exactly know what. Why not have one which expresses in plan and structure a dominant note of our own time?

In a time where every one says, "Show me what there is in it," it is pleasant to find men making plans and "projects" for the pure intellectual excitement and artistic pleasure there is in the making. They remind one in this respect of Professor Despradelles' famous "Monument to the Glory of America," a splendid, grandiose, and yet entirely practicable design, made for the sheer joy of handling and developing a magnificent idea. These drawings are apparently made in the same spirit—as a satisfaction to the authors in the solution of a very difficult problem.

"The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed."—*Lloyd Jones.*

ALUMNI NOTES

Laura Marie Marceau, 8 Madison Street, Somerville.

"Tell me, what is this innumerable throng
Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?
These are they who come with shining feet
From 'round the throne of God, the Lord of Light to greet."

Once again we are preparing to observe that day which has been the source of inspiration for so many world-famous pictures from the time the gentle monk Angelico conceived the mild and holy Virgin with the Child, through the well-known paintings of the great Renaissance in Italy, the splendid Madonnas of Murillo, the quaint nativities of the Flemish school, up to the modern, many-times-reproduced Mother and Babe of the German, French, and English schools. Each artist had the vision, each sought to express in befitting manner the message given to men on that holy Christmas morn.

It is good for us once a year to stop in our wild, hurried method of living, and ponder well on this message. The Christ Child came to show us how to be men, to teach us by shining example to live, not for ourselves, but for others, to give rather than receive, to help, not oppress, to worship God, not wealth, love, and not power.

Would that the beautiful spirit which abides with us at Yuletide might extend the whole year round!

And now, a joyful and peaceful Christmas to all!

The new director of drawing in South Framingham, Mass., is R. W. Mabie, an M. N. A. S. graduate.

Miss Fannie E. Fish, '03, formerly of Rutland, Vt., is now director of drawing in Arlington, Mass.

Robert W. Broderick, who was graduated from the Portrait Class in '05, is instructor of drawing at the Rindge Manual Training School, Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Lucy Jones, P. S. C., '05, who was well known for her clever "life" work, is about to go abroad a second time. Since leaving school Miss Jones has done some excellent painting.

Miss Catherine Lancaster, valedictorian for '05, is supervising in Huntington, Mass.

"What would be fair must first be fit."—*Eliot.*

Miss Isa Richardson, '08, is at present teaching in Nova Scotia. Of the same class, Miss Mildred Perry is in Orange, Mass., and Miss Pauline Patch in Weston, Mass.

It was to the strident music of wood being sawed and copper and brass being beaten that I interviewed Frederick W. Ried, president of the class of '05, and former editor of the *CENTRE OF VISION*. He is at present just established in the manual training department of the Salem Normal School. Mr. Ried has been extremely busy "getting settled," and the prospects are that he is to have a successful career in his new position.

The Salem Normal students make excellent pupils. I was much impressed with the earnest spirit which pervades the workshop. Those young men and women hammer and saw as if naught else matters. The problems given are straightforward and sensible; the results are practical objects well wrought out.

It does not appear that Mr. Ried has any superfluous leisure moments, for, aside from having his time well taken up at the Salem Normal, he is instructor of the freehand drawing and design at the Evening Industrial School, Beverly, and also director of manual arts in Saugus.

"Enter small door next to main entrance, board a dingy elevator, go up until you think you've reached the chimney, step out, and call for me, if you don't happen to see me over in the corner!"

Those were my directions for finding Miss Ruth Gray at her desk in the Boston Daily Globe building.

Miss Gray spent last winter in New York doing costume designs, but came back to Boston because of a splendid situation offered by the Globe as art editor of the advertising department.

"The work," said she, "is very irregular and very interesting. Sometimes I work all night, and sometimes I don't!"

The animated description which followed made me feel that teaching is very mild and tame compared to such a life as this, and I did not recover my happiness equilibrium until the following morning, when I had faced several roomfuls of joyous children's faces.

Miss Gray is well fitted for her work, and is making a huge success of it. And so, I believe, is each and every alumnus making a success of whatever branch he is engaged in. Each has his niche. It would be

"We never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh."

dull if we all did the same thing. As Mark Twain has it: "It is a difference of opinion that makes the horse races."

And, by the way, why don't I hear more of the alumni? I was looking for voluminous returns—but somehow, people are so modest!

I was in earnest when I said: "Any news concerning alumni will be *gratefully* received by the editor at address given above."

A Tale

[Written for the CENTRE OF VISION by Gladys L. Forbush, M. N. A. S., 1912, in imitation of Dumas' style.]

With all the pent-up emotions of weeks, the girl threw her brush into a corner, where it subsided with a full, painty splash, and, rising as if wearied with long, unbroken vigil, she threw herself on her knees in front of a couch.

Except for an occasional moan, her figure seemed lifeless, but her busy brain was traveling over a long stretch of time. Her mind commenced the story long years before, when chance had begun to fashion the tale. Her thoughts danced merrily by like gay figures in a pageant, each revealing some fragrant, long-treasured memory.

The first brought a picture of dancing, sunlit waves, glorious dark blue heavens, and the little motor boat, Spitfire, the happy afternoon drawing to a close, and then the broken cylinder, which seemed the hindering hand of fate, but proved to be the work of her guardian angel. The combination of four girls and a broken cylinder would have been disastrous had it not been for the gallant rescue.

The black speck on the horizon gradually grew larger until it developed into a good-sized launch, with two occupants. The taller, who was spokesman, concerned her little, and she was now unable to remember what he looked like. The occupant of the stern was a slight, curly-brown-haired youth, with twinkling, humorous eyes and ruddy, brown skin,—the face was graven on her heart.

And then the meetings, quite accidental at first, and then not so quite; the long summer friendship, which bloomed and ripened with more fervor for its very secrecy and mystery. Neither asked—neither cared!

But autumn came, and parting, which did not seem so bitter then, with promise of reunion. Examinations and studio work, new friends,

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

and pleasures passed like bits of brilliantly-colored glass in her kaleidoscope mind, forming the beautiful whole of her art course. And then abroad—all that adoring parents and American money could buy. Foggy London and art galleries, clean Holland and Franz Hals, jolly Germany and student life, sunny Italy, Rome, the masters, Venice, the deep blue Mediterranean, and then—work.

Hard work, the settling down to accomplishment, studies, sketches, half-finished paintings, and then—ah! night of satisfaction, of reveling on her knees by the light of a single taper before the work of her own hands—her masterpiece!

The hurry and bustle of arrangements the next week, when it was hung and not "skyed," the week of the salon, the "grand prix," la medaille d'honneur, overwhelming compliments, and social revels broken into by demands from home and country. Her homeward journey and the greetings and congratulations of parents and friends made a sort of murmur which, combined with the memory of lapping waves, soothed her into legarthy—the pageant almost ceased to move.

At last, raising herself, she looked around her studio. Luxury everywhere, rugs whose velvet depths almost hid the feet, priceless blown glass, the genuine Rembrandt, the Whistler, the beaten copper, brasses, and faded tapestries, this and that, picked up from time to time, all breathing the atmosphere of art, all done by masters, masters like herself.

And she, the living, breathing impulse of it all, she was on the pinnacle of fame. For a moment she exulted, gloried in the fact, and then her arms fell lifeless on the couch. What of it? What use? The gem of her very being, the pearl of great price, was lacking. And why, why had fate been so cruel? Why should the goddess deny her the laughing lips, the tender brown eyes?

But hark! that step! She crushed both her hands against her breast to stop the suffocating pressure of her heart. Steadily it came on, and she half rose to meet it, leaning against the couch for support, one arm outstretched toward the oncoming tread.

It stopped, the door opened, and a voice inquired: "Paper to-night, lady?"

SCHOOL NOTES

Clara M. Gale

1909

Daniel R. Stewart

"You cannot keep a true thing down,
'Tis truth beyond assail,
'Twas proven many years ago
By Jonah and the whale."

And proven again by the class of 1909—we hope—when they start out next year on their new career.

The Portrait Class has recently had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Browne, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Stebbins to their midst.

Miss Alice Pilsbury, who has undergone an operation at Dr. Marcy's hospital in Cambridge, is improving rapidly. Best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Ruth B. Weber

1910

Aldro T. Hibbard

Jack: "I saw a fine composition on Thanksgiving."

Peggy: "What was it?"

Jack: "Well, it was a large piece of light, a small piece of dark, and a little cranberry sauce on my plate."

Mr. Hibbard, president of the class, announces the following committees for the "Junior Prom": Dance committee, Misses Hall, Derby, Weber, Messrs. Hibbard, Cameron. Decoration committee, Misses Amsden, Folkins, and Peck. The Junior social affair will take place the first of February.

Mr. Major's composition days are creating the usual amount of excitement.

Any student would aid this column by handing any notes of interest to the class editors.

Elizabeth B. Warren

1911

Otis A. Philbrick

The morning after:—

"I think, Mr. B——, you must be one of those people with two personalities."

Mr. B——: "If I had two faces, I'd wear the other one all the time."

Br. (making a slide for his canvas and running into it): "You see, Ba., it's hard to stop when you get to going like that."

"Banish the tears of children ; continual rains upon the blossom are hurtful."

Ba. : "So I see."

Br. : "Yes, so i—cy."

Overheard in the studio :—

"What course are you taking?"

"I'm taking that public fool course."

Miss S—lv—a (entering) : "Anything going on in here?"

Industrious Pupil : "Nope, nothing but charcoal."

"What are you laughing at, Miss E——?"

Br. : "She's laughing at me."

Miss W—— (absent-mindedly) : "What are you laughing at nothing for?"

Heard in the lunch room :—

"I smell ether."

Mrs. R—— : "They must have chloroformed this chicken."

Charlotte A. Ryan

1912

Bertha L. Dunbar

Towards our studio neighbors let us use the blur-glass of charity, the shells of friendly comparison, the level of kindness, the plumb-line of truth, and the transparent-slate of imitation of virtue. The Principles we may find in the Book! In this way studio life will not only be a pleasure of the present, but a training for the future.

Miss Forbushe : "He looked me straight in the eye."

Larkin : "Where was he, in a second-story window?"

We are afraid no longer, for now we have a worthy president, with his numerous trustworthy aides, to guide us through the straight and narrow path of righteousness.

"Are there any more at home like you, Algie?"

"Yes, but they're chained."

Too bad! "Algie's mouth spoils more than one thing."

Ask C—h—n why he doesn't put that carrying power into his drawing instead of into his voice.

Even if you are told that you have the best drawing in the class, don't be discouraged.

Vacation seems to have done us good, for most of the class are back and working harder than ever.

If any one talks too much, Ston—er.

Come into Mr. Andrew's studio and see the Sargent pictures.

“Lord, I pray Thee, open the young man’s eyes that he may see.”
—*The Prophet Elisha.*



Clara P. Chase, '09

We wish everybody in our exchange circle a Merry Christmas and prosperous New Year.

We received a good November issue of the Student. The literary department was especially pleasing, and also the thoughts expressed in the editorials.

The Enterprise lives up to its name. The Military Drill Notes certainly show that there is persistence in a good thing.

We enjoyed the Chelsea Beacon this month. It is of interest to know the growth of a school under one personality for twenty years. And the contributions from the faculty are funnier than our Puck and Judge of to-day.

A most interesting article comes out in the Clarion on “Liberal vs. Industrial Education.” We agree with Emerson, that the “best political economy is the care and culture of men”; and that the incessant repetition of the same handicraft, unaccompanied by higher aims, is dwarfing to any nature.

We acknowledge the Index, from Worcester. We read with interest the article on “Psychology for Pleasure.” May we suggest that the art figure on the exchange page is hardly Greek in proportion?

We are glad to exchange greetings with the Montana State College at Bozeman, and we read with pleasure H. R. B.’s account of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

The November Mansfield Collegian is “all right.” The literary department is very interesting.

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